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TRIBUTE TO SKIP ATWATER

from Paul Rademacher

Words for a plaque:

Presented to Skip Atwater with deepest appreciation for your exceptional service to The Monroe Institute as Director of Research, Executive Director and President, and for your unparalleled contributions to the advancement of global consciousness. Your curiosity, insight and love have touched us all.

The Monroe Institute

For me, the greatest thing about Skip is his generosity. From day one of my full time work at TMI, both he and Fay invited me into their home and into their hearts with such open and loving embrace that it was like manna from heaven.

One of the most difficult aspects of being TMI's Executive Director was finding myself cut off from the moorings of place and family. Skip and Fay became the family I missed so deeply and provided a place where I could laugh, talk and be fully myself. Plied with wonderful food (Fay is an unbelievable cook and hostess) and great wine, we often found ourselves embroiled in truly inspired conversation while priceless relationships unfolded amidst gathered guests, children and grand children. Their home was a sanctuary of love.

While I was a facilitator at TMI, I didn't know Skip very well. He was a little hard for me to read and I didn't quite know how to approach him. But during his Remote Viewing class I caught a first glimpse of a man who was much more than I had previously thought. At one point when he was speaking to us in the White Carpet Room, explaining something of global significance, his voice broke, his eyes misted, and he paused, unable to speak. I knew right then that here was a man of depth and compassion. I also knew he was someone I wanted to know better, never dreaming that we would soon be working together on staff.

To walk into Skip's lab office was to enter new dimensions of space and time. He would say things that would suddenly shift the entire context of our discussion, and he would do it in an incredibly disarming and matter-of-fact way. He would toss out things like, "Well, you know, Paul, information travels both backwards and forwards in time," as if it was completely obvious.

Or he would speculate about how we construct our view of reality: "Our brain flips between the everywhere/everywhen and physical reality about 40 times per second. That means we are refreshing reality at a specific rate. What if we could change that rate?" And we would begin

another wild ride on the universe's magic carpet, spending precious hours bouncing ideas off one another. To sit down with Skip was the highest privilege because it was the doorway to wonder.

Often we would be embroiled in fascinating discussion on the nature of the universe, when he would suddenly look up and to the left, and become frozen, as if listening to voices from afar. Indeed he was. For he knew that our conversations were being attended by more than just the two of us and he took the care to listen to discarnate input in a way I had never seen before. He taught me that intuition is real and that it must be treated with the utmost care and respect.

Perhaps it was because he was a military man that he got more done in a shorter period of time than anyone I have ever known. His day never ended when he left the office but continued at his home computer into the wee hours of the morning. I often worried about his health and wellbeing, but gradually I began to understand that he liked checking things off his list. Combine that with his insatiable curiosity and you have a man who not only loved what he was doing, but made countless vital contributions to TMI that he never took credit for. I could not have done what I did without him.

He was always thinking about something new. More often than I could count, to my constant delight, he would call me over to his workspace and unveil the latest innovation he had been working on. It is no understatement to say that Skip is a genius.

I often wondered how I could ever repay Skip and Fay for all they gave to me. Gradually I realized that was a needless question, for they are not the kind of people who keep score. Their joy in giving is complete and an end in itself.

I have often wished the rest of the world could see Skip as I know him. But that may not be possible, because he's one of the best-disguised angels I have ever met. Though few recognize it, he carries within one of the biggest hearts I have ever seen.

Both he and Fay touched me more deeply and completely that words can convey. I wish them great joy in retirement and unending fascination in watching their children and grandchildren grow and flourish. It is my fondest hope that their loving generosity will come back to them multiplied many times over.

Best wishes,

Paul Rademacher